

GRIMM



Briar Rose:

the Sleeping Beauty

Illustrated by Svend Otto S.



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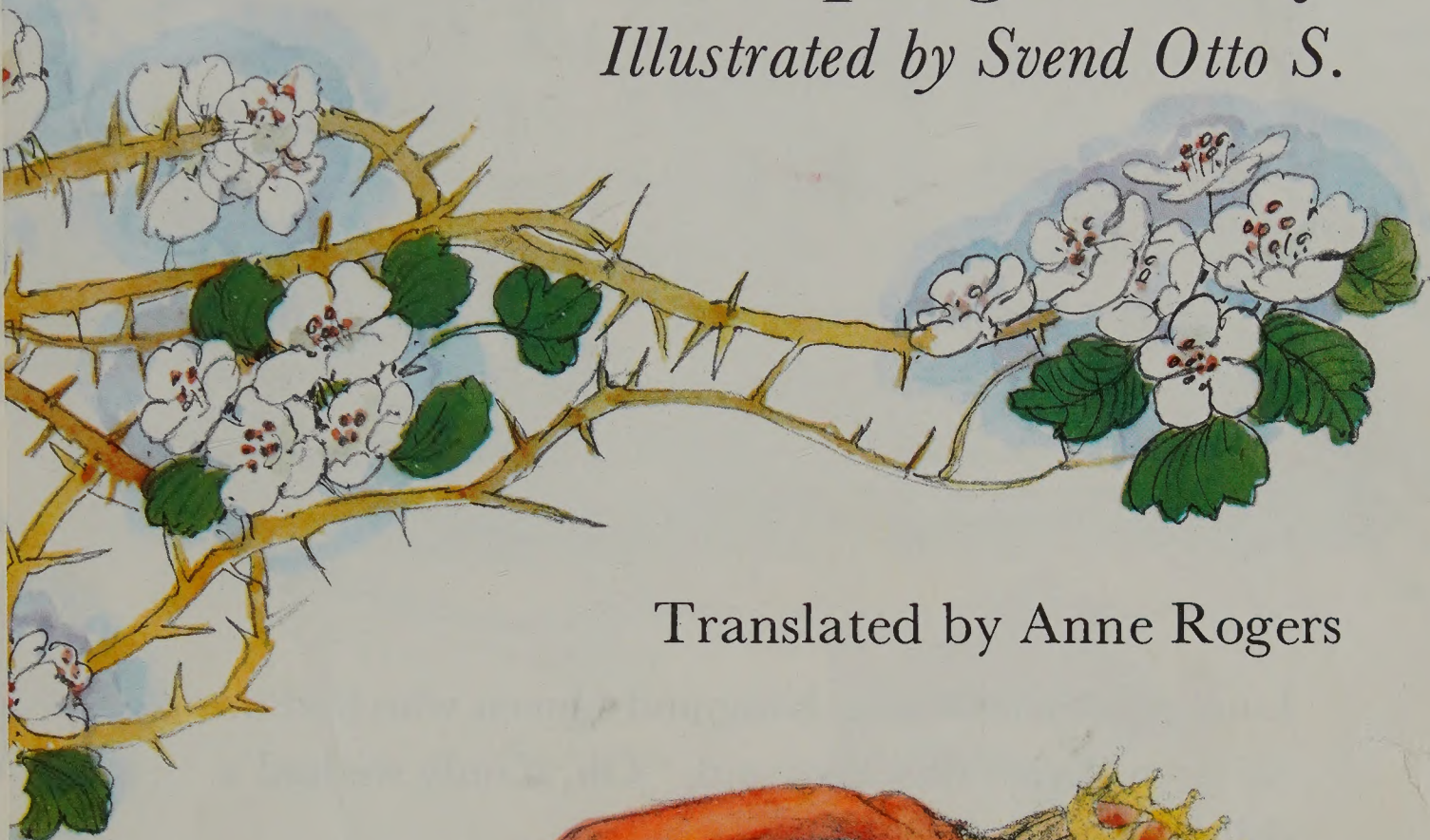
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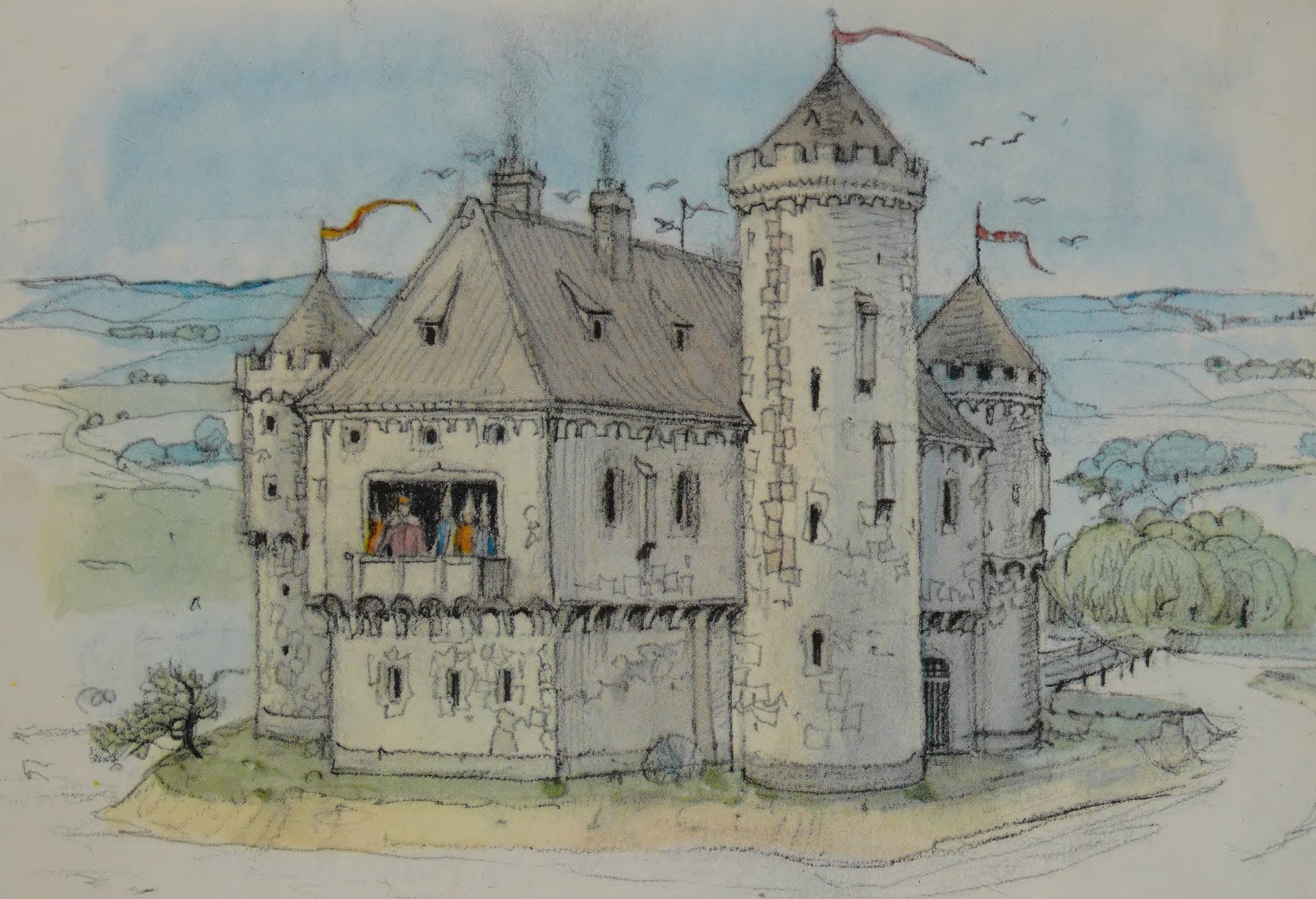
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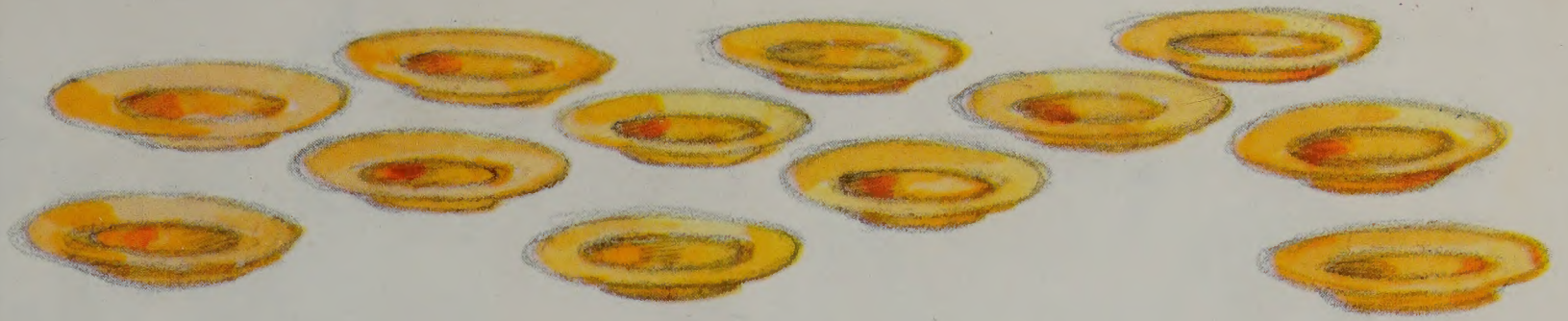
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Long ago there lived a King and Queen who had no children. Every day they said, "Oh, if only we had a child!" But no child came.

Then one afternoon, as the Queen was bathing in the river, a frog waddled out on to the bank and said to her: "Your wish shall be granted. Before a year has passed, you will have a baby daughter."





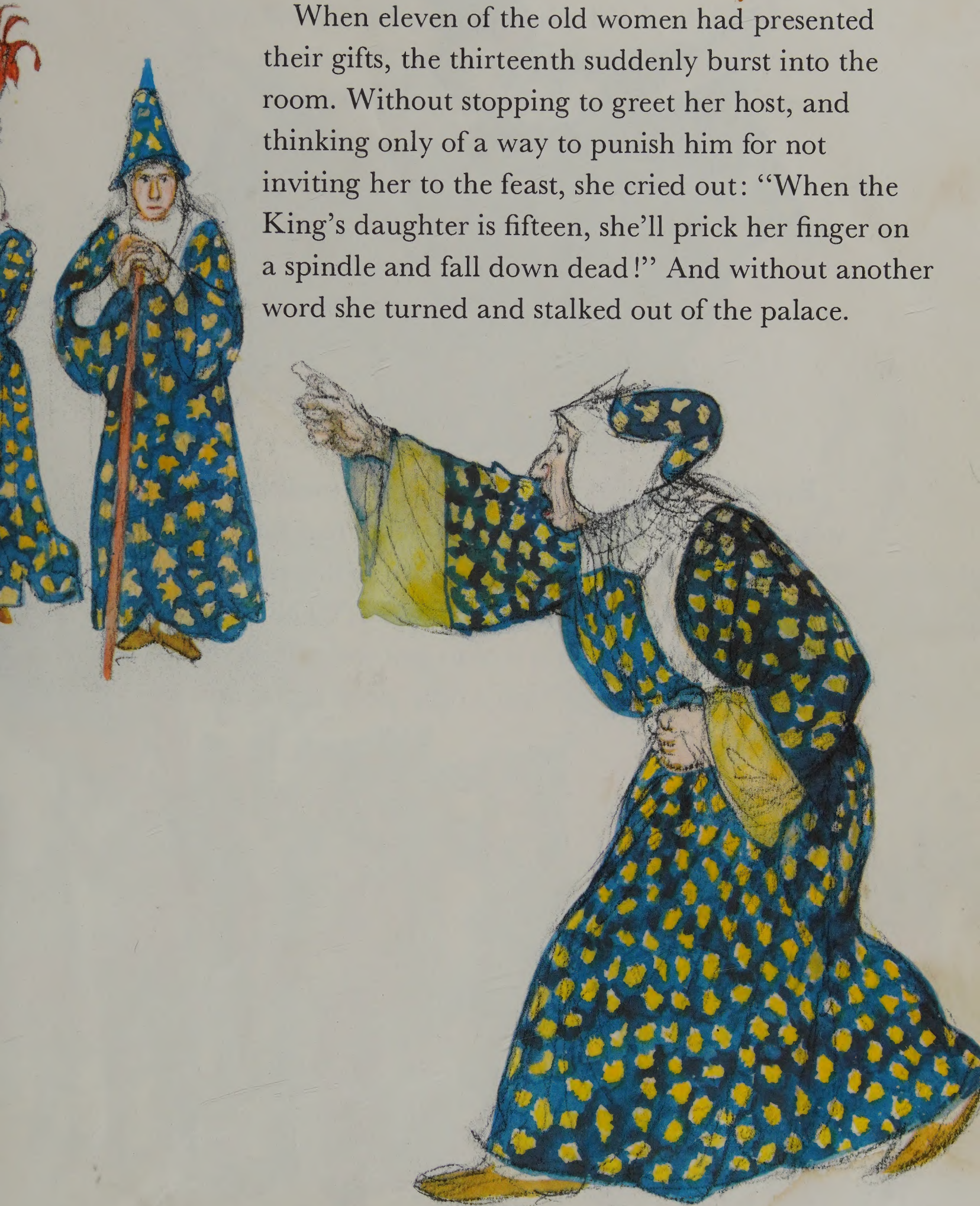
And indeed a baby girl was born, just as the frog had promised. She was so beautiful that the King was beside himself with joy. To celebrate her birth he arranged a splendid feast and invited not only his family and friends, but also the wise old women of the land, so that they would wish the child well and keep her from harm. There were thirteen of these wise old women in his kingdom, but he could only find twelve golden dishes for them to eat from, so one of the old women had to be left out and was not invited.





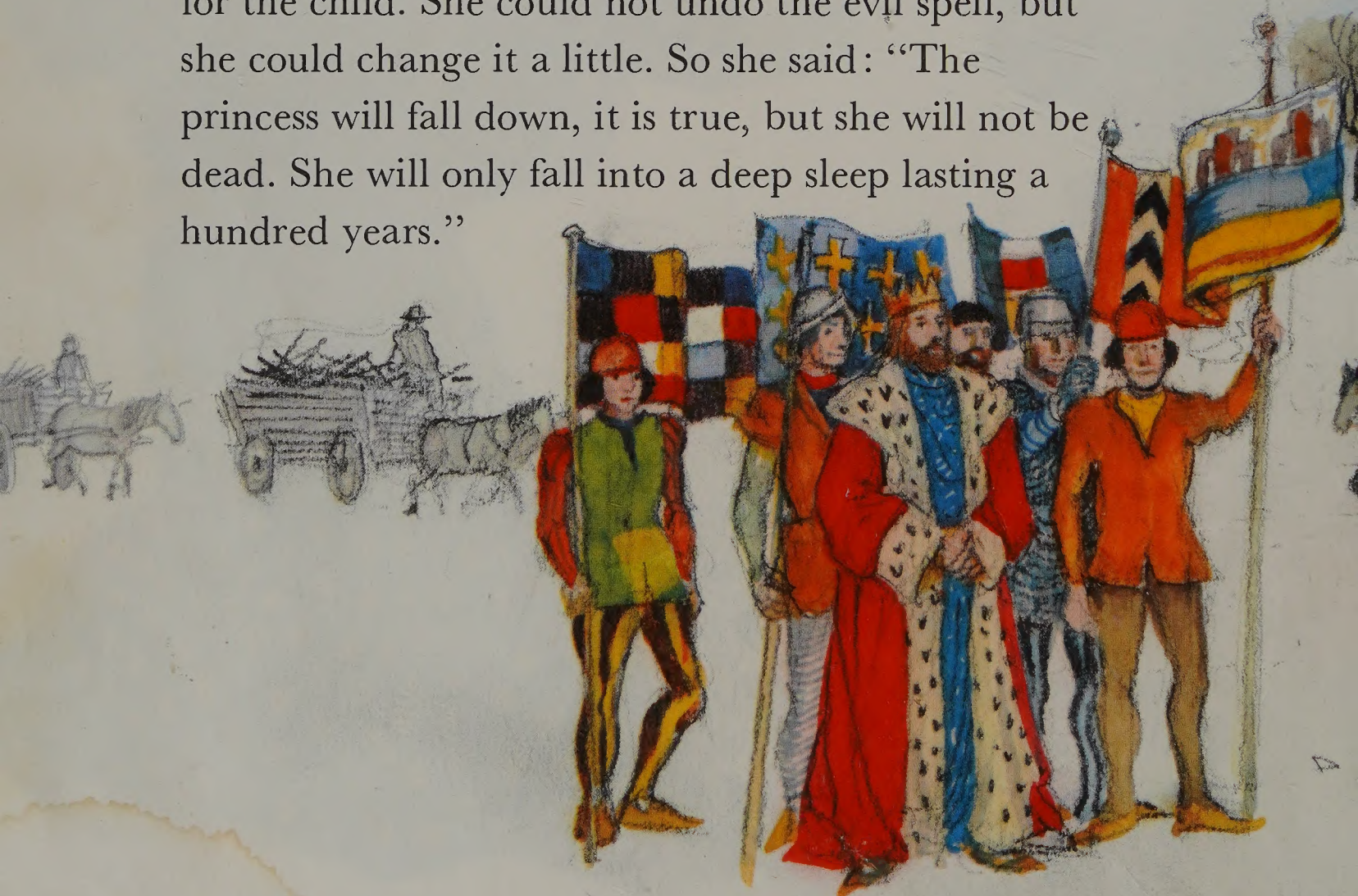
The feast was a magnificent occasion. When it was over, the wise old women came up in turn to present their magic gifts to the baby princess. One gave her goodness, another beauty, the third riches, and so on until she had been given everything one could possibly wish for.

When eleven of the old women had presented their gifts, the thirteenth suddenly burst into the room. Without stopping to greet her host, and thinking only of a way to punish him for not inviting her to the feast, she cried out: "When the King's daughter is fifteen, she'll prick her finger on a spindle and fall down dead!" And without another word she turned and stalked out of the palace.





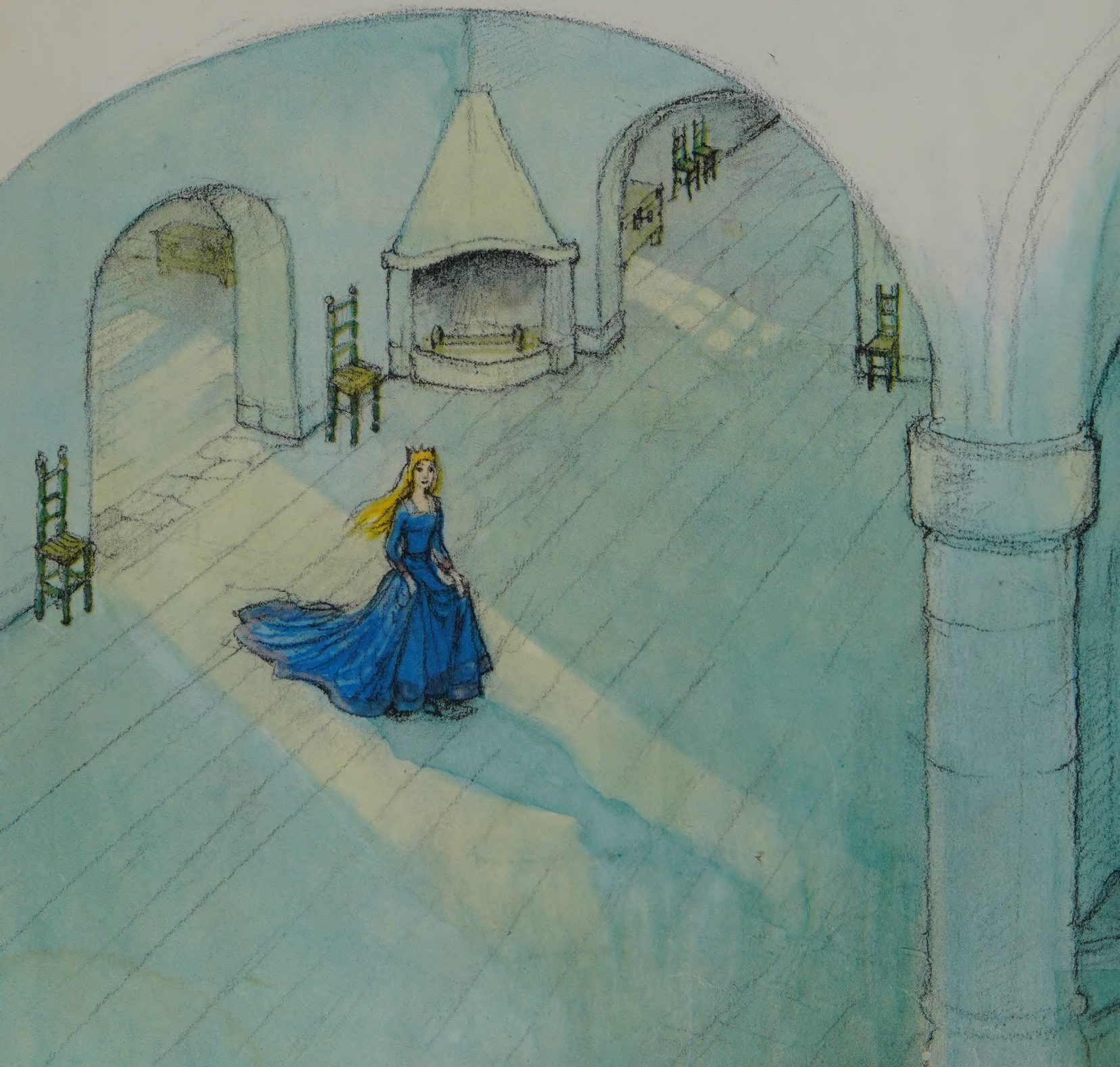
Everyone was horrified. But then the twelfth wise woman came forward. She had not yet had her wish for the child. She could not undo the evil spell, but she could change it a little. So she said: "The princess will fall down, it is true, but she will not be dead. She will only fall into a deep sleep lasting a hundred years."



The King did his best to keep his dear child from harm. He had all the spindles in the land collected up, thrown on to bonfires and burned to stop the evil spell from coming true.



Each day the princess grew more beautiful, and she was so sweet-tempered and kind that all who saw her loved her dearly. Now on the very day that she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen had to be away from home and Briar Rose (for that was the princess's name) was left behind. She decided to explore part of the castle she had never seen before. She wandered about, looking into all the rooms and



secret corners. Soon she came to an old tower. She climbed the spiral stairway and found a small door at the top. In the keyhole was an old rusty key. She turned it, and the door swung open. It led into a little bedroom where an old woman sat busily spinning flax.



“Hello!—good afternoon,” said Briar Rose. “Do tell me, what are you doing?”



“I’m spinning,” said the old woman, nodding her head.

“What’s that thing turning round so merrily?” asked the princess. She took the spindle in her hand and tried to use it. But as soon as she touched the pointed spindle, the evil spell was fulfilled. She pricked her finger and immediately fell on to the bed in a deep sleep. At the same moment every living thing in the castle fell asleep too.

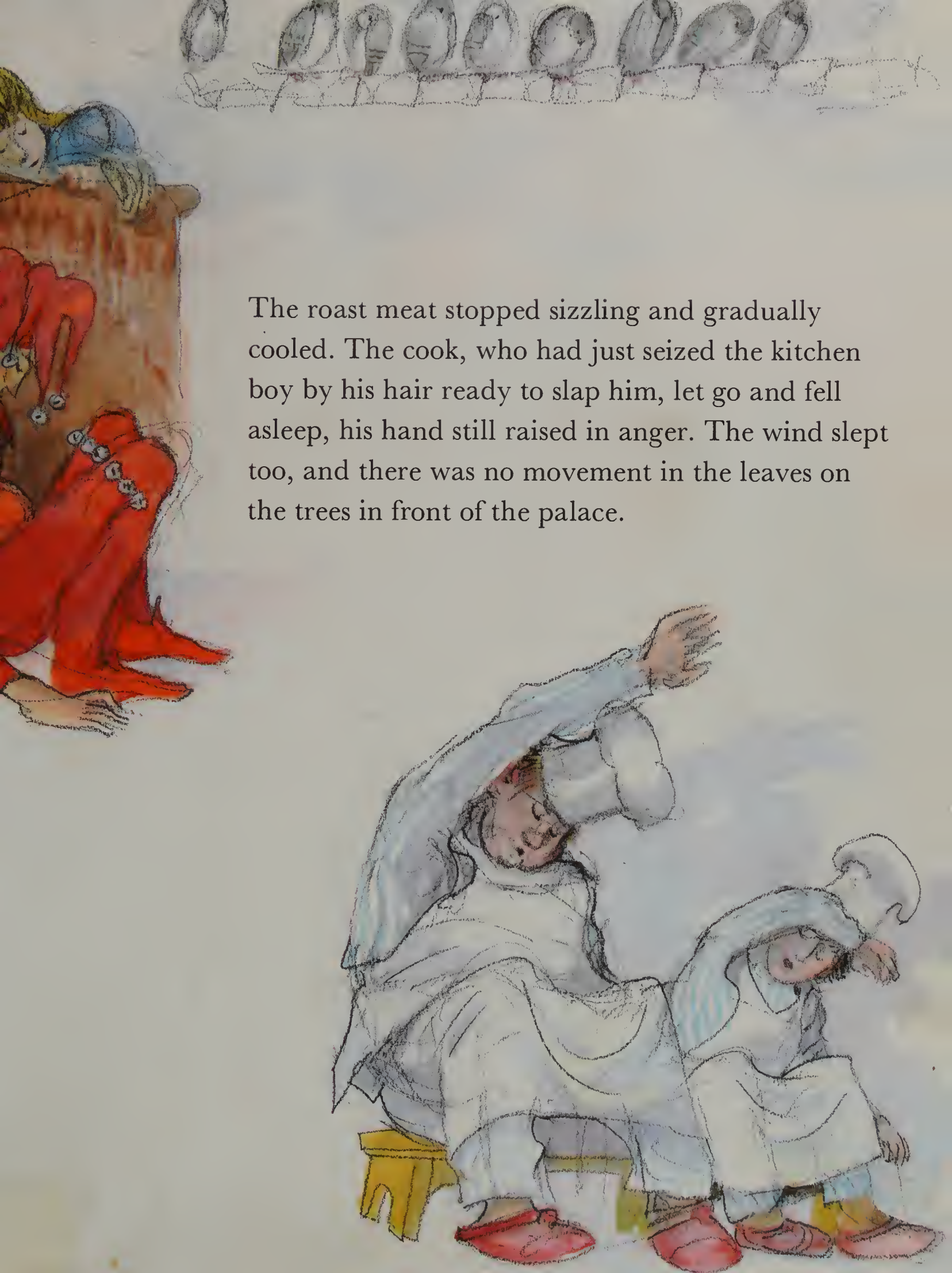




The King and Queen, who had just come home, fell fast asleep, and so did all their courtiers and servants. The horses fell asleep in their stables, the hounds in the courtyard, the doves on the roof and the flies on the walls.

Even the fire in the stove flickered and died down.





The roast meat stopped sizzling and gradually cooled. The cook, who had just seized the kitchen boy by his hair ready to slap him, let go and fell asleep, his hand still raised in anger. The wind slept too, and there was no movement in the leaves on the trees in front of the palace.



All round the castle a thick hedge of thorns began to grow. As the years went by it became thicker and higher, until at last it was so thick and so high that the castle was completely hidden. Even the flag on the rooftop could no longer be seen. Nobody could find a way through the thorny hedge. But the rumour spread far and wide that behind the great hedge there was a palace, and in the palace a lovely princess lay in a deep sleep. From time to time young princes came to try to hack their way through to the castle. But they did not get far, for the thorny branches would not be parted and clung tightly together.



Many years later another young prince came to that country. A very old man told him the tale that behind the great hedge of thorns was a palace in



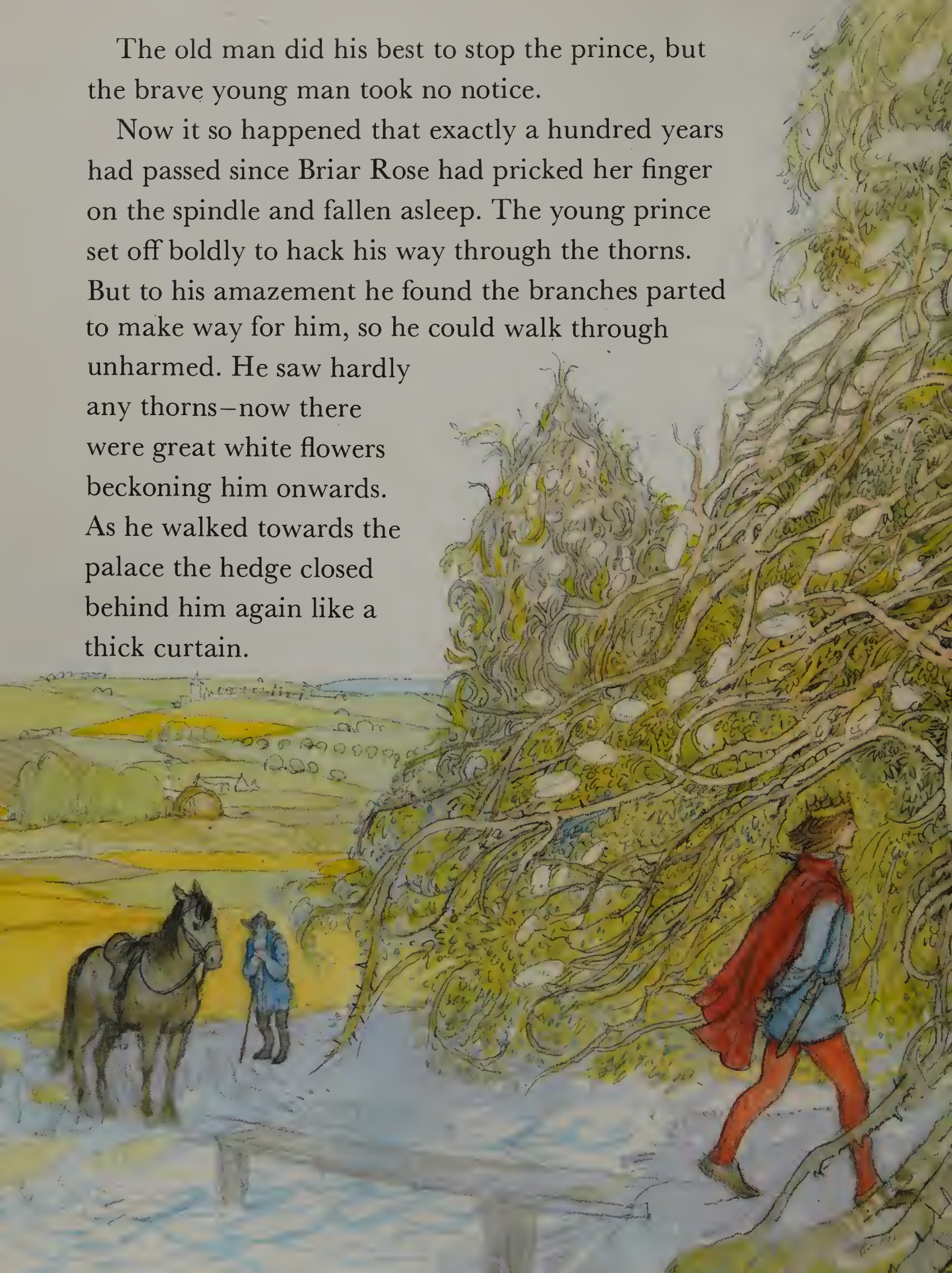
which the loveliest girl in the land, the beautiful Briar Rose, had lain asleep for a hundred years. With her were the King and Queen and all their court. The old man's grandfather had told him, too, that many princes had tried to hack their way through to reach the palace, but had stuck fast and died a dismal death.

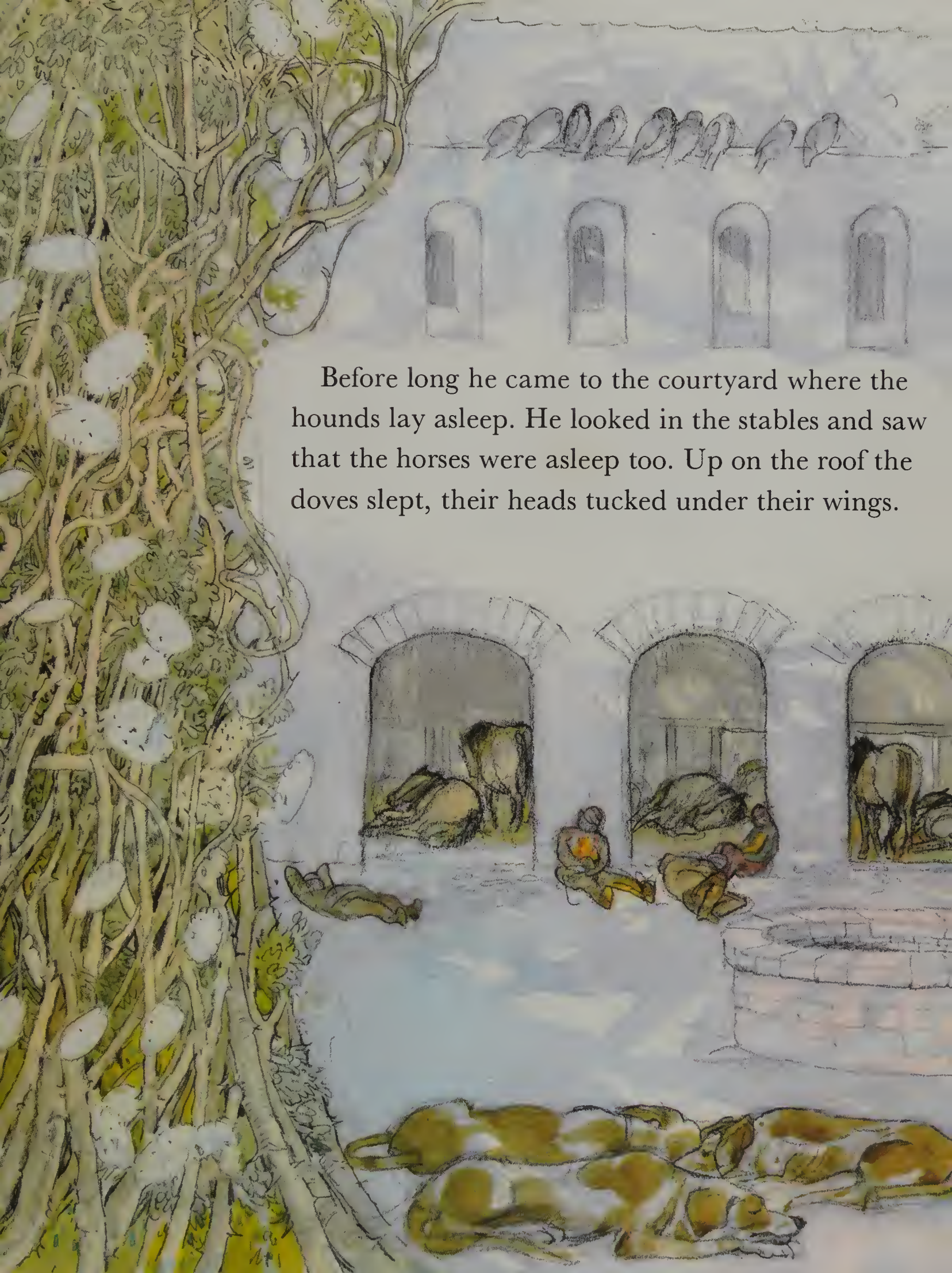
"I'm not afraid," said the young prince. "I'm sure I can get through the thorns and find the Sleeping Beauty."



The old man did his best to stop the prince, but the brave young man took no notice.

Now it so happened that exactly a hundred years had passed since Briar Rose had pricked her finger on the spindle and fallen asleep. The young prince set off boldly to hack his way through the thorns. But to his amazement he found the branches parted to make way for him, so he could walk through unharmed. He saw hardly any thorns—now there were great white flowers beckoning him onwards. As he walked towards the palace the hedge closed behind him again like a thick curtain.





Before long he came to the courtyard where the hounds lay asleep. He looked in the stables and saw that the horses were asleep too. Up on the roof the doves slept, their heads tucked under their wings.



He went into the castle and found that even the flies were asleep on the walls. The cook had raised his hand to slap the kitchen boy, but both of them were sound asleep. A serving maid sat with a black hen in her lap, ready to pluck it, but she too was fast asleep. He went into the great hall and saw all the courtiers lying asleep, and the King and Queen sleeping on their thrones. At last he came to the tower, climbed the spiral stairway and opened the door of the little room where the princess lay.



He gazed at Briar Rose for a long time, for she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Then he bent down and gently kissed her. When his lips touched her, she opened her eyes and smiled at him.





Then they went down together to the great hall, where the King and Queen, the courtiers and the servants, were waking up and rubbing their eyes.



The horses stood up and shook themselves, stamping their hoofs. The hounds began chasing each other, yelping playfully.



The doves on the roof lifted their heads, looked round and flew off to the fields. The flies began to wander up and down the walls. The fire blazed up, and the roast meat soon sizzled again and turned brown. The cook gave the kitchen boy a hard slap and the maid went on plucking the black hen.

Soon Briar Rose and the young prince were



married. Their wedding was a joyful and splendid occasion, and they lived happily ever after.

Picture 1
Book
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Grimm
Grimm, Jacob.
Briar Rose; Sleeping Beauty.

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Briar Rose; Sleeping Beauty.

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Briar Rose: the Sleeping Beauty

Exploring all the secret corners of the palace, Briar Rose came to an old tower with a spiral staircase and at the top a little room where an old woman sat spinning flax. She touched the spindle and immediately fell down in a deep sleep . . .

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